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Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1943-05-21

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. VI

MAY 21, 1943

NO. 5

Carlstrom Flight Instructors Will Sport Standard Uniforms, Reports Kay Bramlitt

Either nothing has happened at Carlstrom Field during the past week, or everybody is afraid to talk—anyway it appears as if there's not much news this week.

One of the most important surprises of recent date concerns Mr. Vestal's right hand "man" in the Accounting department. The engagement and forthcoming marriage of Miss Loretta Dickhaut to Lt. Charles O. Weaver has been announced and it won't be long until Loretta will be leaving us to take that most important leap. We all hate to see her go (especially Vestal) but wish her and "Chuck" much happiness.

Have you noticed the smiles on the Flight Instructors' faces the past two or three days? Well, the reason is that at long last a standard uniform has been adopted

for civilian Flight Instructors at Army Contract Schools.

All Instructors on the Field have been measured for their uniforms during the past week and before very long all will be strutting around bedecked in all their "glory."

Today, May 21st, is the date set by Class 43-I for their Graduation Dance. It will be held at the Arcadia Tourist Hall, and a good time is guaranteed. Next week we'll probably have a lot more news about "who was there," "what happened," "what who wore," etc., but for now just the bare details are available.

Wilda Smithson just returned from a week's vacation spent in Orlando. The sun's rays seem to have done their work well for she certainly acquired a bee-oo-ti-ful sun tan.

Sgt. Ralph Hersperger of Army Engineering returned today from a furlough which he spent at his home in Altoona, Pa. We missed you, Ralph, and are glad you're back.

Sgt. Ralph Jones of Army Headquarters is also on furlough and has taken his bride of a few months to his home in Denton, Ill., to meet his folks. We have just received word that Pvt. Jay B. Gale, also of Army Headquarters, has received his appointment to OCS on June 6th. Congratulations!

We welcome: Maurice Gough (red-head) and Maxine Bragdon (brunette) to our Switchboard staff. Larry Roe to the Accounting office, Martha Hilton to the Maintenance office and Daniel Mosley back to the Buildings and Grounds Maintenance department.

NOTICE: Dorr Field is hereby challenged to a golf match with Carlstrom. This team is composed of approximately ten players, including such well known golfers as Bob Bullock, Phil McCracken, Ike McCracken, Harry Wilbur, Mart Gould, Bill Tanner and Doug Treadwell. These fellows seem to think they can find a little competition among some Dorr Field fellow-golfers. What do you say, Dorr?

Just a little advance notice on the next Company Dance to be held at Carlstrom Field. The date is set for June 5th, and there will be a good orchestra and plenty of food. So all personnel (civilian and Army—excluding Cadets) at both Carlstrom and Dorr Fields who want to have an evening of entertainment and dancing keep that date open!

P.S. Bob Bullock and Tom Davis just came rushing into the Carlstrom Editor's office exclaiming, "For gosh sakes don't forget to thank Capt. Davis for coming up and blowing up the courthouse lawn for us."

Mr. Graves, the Safety Director, was responsible for bringing Capt. Davis of the Miami Fire department up here to give us a demonstration on the effect of various types of incendiary bombs and the proper type of fire equipment to be used on the various types of resultant fires.

Continued on Page 21

CARLSTROM CADETS



EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by
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Letters to the Editor

The Southgate Hotel
Winchester, England

Dear Editor:

I have received every copy of your interesting paper, bar one, since you kindly started sending it October 29.

I feel a word of thanks and appreciation is due from me.

It is nice to be in touch with the boys and watch their activities and I can assure you your paper does that more than the few letters we get.

It is nice also to know that one's son is capable of dropping the biggest brick of the week.

I am sure you are doing good work. Good luck to your paper and many thanks.

Faithfully yours,

David V. B. Hatchwell

Editor's Note: Young Hatchwell was in Course 11, recently graduated, and the meaning attached to "dropping a brick" is that he crashed a plane while on a routine flight at Riddle Field and was fortunate enough to escape with his life.

Letters From Former Students

Dear Mr. Olmstead:

Finally, I'm getting an answer off to you. It seems I just haven't any time to write at all.

I'll give you a little summary of our work here, then you'll have a fair picture of what we do and how we live.

First of all we live in a hotel along with civilians. We are split up into four rooms and with three to four to a room. We have four in our room and I'll follow our routine as we go through for a day.

To start in the day we get up around 5:00 p.m., dress and shave and go to chow. It's our breakfast and the other fellows' supper. We have free time until 10:45 when we catch the bus for the airport. Arriving there around 11:20 we change clothes and go to work.

If a plane comes in the crew chief records the data from its log book and writes down what check is due. The checks we do here are called Number 1, Number 2 and Number 3. Number 1 is same as pre-flight and daily. Number 2 is the same as a 50-hour only done on the 45-hour time. Number 3 is a 100-hour check.

At the airport we're split up as we can't all work on the same things at the same time, so I work on the cockpit and exterior of the plane, two of the boys are on one

engine, one on the other and the third on the hydraulic system. I haven't had any of the engine or hydraulic systems yet but as soon as they finish and get OK's on their work then we change around.

We eat lunch at the Field and then more work. We do the actual work and the regular mechanics OK it. We finish at around 7:30 a.m. and catch our bus back again at 8:00 a.m. We eat breakfast when we get back and then up to bed.

While we are working the maid comes in and cleans our room and makes our beds. We have a telephone in our room and have the operator call us when we want to get up. There is no bed check nor roll call as long we get there for work. It really is swell and we all like it very much.

Three of us are to be picked for Flight Engineers and as far as we know the rest will be crew chiefs. We are doing actual work and really enjoy it. That's about all we have around here to talk about so I'll close until next time.

Keep 'em Flying,
Your friend,
"Wally"

Editor's Note: The above letter was received by G. R. Olmstead of Military Aircraft from Pfc. Walter A. Fry, who is now stationed in Chicago, Ill., and is a graduate of Class 4-43-AMC.

Dear Editor:

I am quoting below an excerpt from Lt. David A. Silverman's letter of April 8, 1943, which I believe will be of interest to your readers. Lt. Silverman was the Class Leader for the first engine class we had here at Embry-Riddle. From our School he went to OCS on the Beach and after receiving his commission was stationed in North Africa.

"You might tell Mr. Riddle that I am running into a lot of the boys who spent some time at Carlstrom, Dorr and Arcadia—and like me—wish they were back there.

"You might also tell him that they are doing OK. A few of them are up for the DFC right now, so you see that Embry-Riddle is well represented on the fighting fronts, and doing a d—good job."

James E. Blakeley
Director of the
Technical School

Editor's Note: Thank you, Mr. Blakeley. Do send us more from Lt. Silverman.

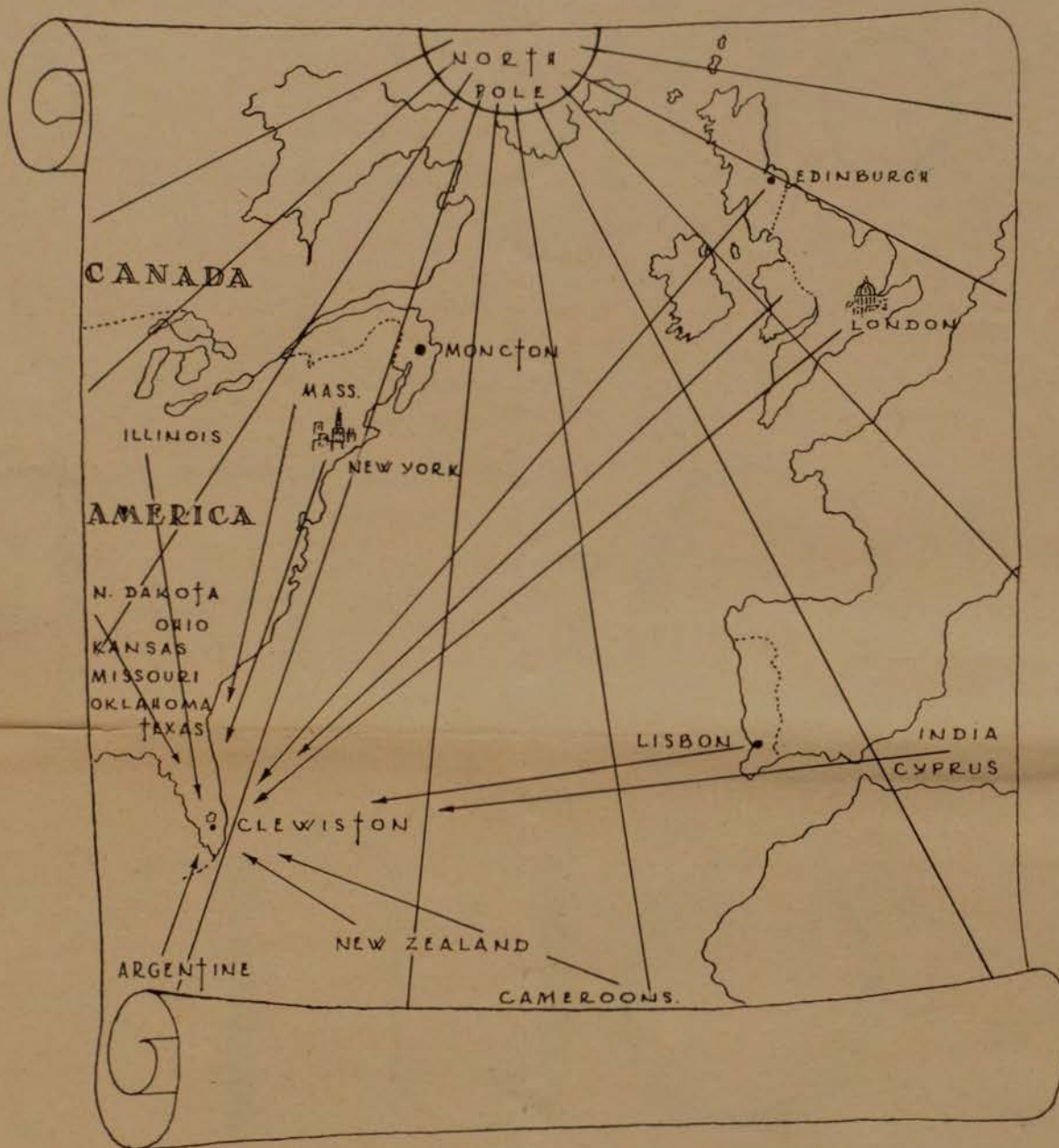
EMBRY-RIDDLE DANCE

This Saturday, May 22, we'll have another Embry-Riddle get-together at the Coral Gables Country Club. The tariff will be \$1.00 per person, and all tickets must be purchased at the door. Dress is optional, and the weather man tells us we'll have no disturbing elements to interrupt dancing and dining beneath the stars.

COURSE XII

“ROGER
OUT”





"... I avow my hope and faith, sure and inviolate, that in the days to come the British and American people will for their safety and for the good of all walk together in majesty, in justice and in peace."

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Introduction..

COURSE Twelve will always be famous because it has been somewhat in the nature of an experiment. For the first time American and British Cadets have been trained together for "wingdom," and now that the course has come to an end we can justifiably pronounce the experiment, from all points of view, to have been a great success.

British and American Cadets have worked together, flown and played together, shared the same rooms, eaten at the same table, argued, laughed at and with each other, and have found that they have a great deal in common.

The rugged lips of the Northcountryman and the quicker lips of the Londoner now proffer strange oaths and expressions, born certainly many, many wingspans from Bow Bells and Wigan Pier, while from American lips might be heard glibly falling, "Oh, good show, sir!"—as if Lord's were the Orange Bowl.

Here at Riddle Field we have all tried hard, and our heartfelt gratitude goes out to the Embry-Riddle organization which has provided us with our Squadron Commanders, Flight Commanders and (not least!) our Flying Instructors, all of whom have taken such a personal interest in each and every one of us: also to those hard-working, long-suffering Ground School Instructors who struggled valiantly against the Sandman on those hot afternoons to teach us the mysteries of Lift. Or was it Life?

Of one thing especially are we proud. The Cadet Club was conceived and reared by Course Twelve, and we are happy to pass the thriving fledgling on to newcomers in the hope that they will see it grow as we would have liked.

Once again, will all those who laboured so mightily to help us on our way please accept our sincere thanks and good wishes for the future . . . and now we hand you over to our contributors proper and place you in the tender mercies of:

M. B. CAMPBELL
A. C. DAVIES
H. J. WILKIN
A. H. RUGGERONI

R. CLARKE
H. GORICK
M. STEUER

J. WILKINSON
G. COLLINS
F. T. RENSHAW
R. S. TROUT

M.B.C.

YANKS IN THE R. A. F.

An Attempt by: A/C MILT STEUER

Course Twelve

RIDDLE FIELD, CLEWISTON, FLORIDA

ON November 12, 1942, several bewildered American Cadets arrived at Riddle Field to start Flight Training. What we thought of as we viewed the School for the first time would present a varied array of oh's and ah's but certainly would fall short of all the swell things that have happened to us here. For one thing there is that jump from Primary to Advanced, but we'll get to that later on.

Our first surprise came when we learned we were to be trained and would live with the British Cadets. Most of us had a vague idea, gathered erroneously from various portrayals in the Cinema, that the English sense of humor was a dull one. (You see, I'm learning English rapidly.) This was immediately dispelled upon introduction to my new roommates, and since then little "Gremlin" Mears has helped most to show me how wrong I was. His burlesque of "Arold on the bawl" Coulshaw giving his met. spiel on the "Choining and Toibulence" within a cumulo-nimbus cloud is priceless. Jack Hough, proudly showing pictures of the wife and kiddies back home made me think of my folks, and it came to me that there was nothing particularly different about these boys we were to live with for the next six months.

We all felt there was a job to be done and had elected to do ours in the air by winning our wings. Then and there, though we weren't aware of it, a partnership was formed toward achieving that goal. Helping each other became a matter of course, and good natured discussions were legion on everything from the respective qualities of our countries' aircraft (we still like the Fortress!) to an exchange of American and British

slang. We got the "Gen" and they got the "Inside Dope." Such choice bits as "Boy, that really shook him" and "He took a dim view of that" were soon familiar phrases on our lips. We got roommate Eric Allen, that tap-dancing yodeler, to tell us how they used to sing "Deep In the Heart of Texas" with "bags of western accent." 'Twas fun no end.

Here's a glimpse of our boys. Speaking of Texas, there is that carnivorous Doyle Alexander, who doesn't know a State other than Texas exists. Such loyalty! Our other Texan is Sinks McLarty. Yep, Sinks is his real handle. His masterpiece is the story of the cat in the Paint Shop. Ask him about it. Oklahoma McBride and Pittsfield Gillette both answer to "Hey Curley." Oh those crew haircuts. Ralph Rissman is the commuter, hailing from Fort Lauderdale, and I think he is working on a commission basis with the jeweler there. Dick Smith floored us all with his formula for remembering .303 ammunition. It goes something like "Bait, pgbr, wbg." Sounds something like Zulu.

"Tachometer" Schmidt (his initials are R.P.M.) was going to be our one Flight Officer, but the Board thought he was a good boy, and so Looie it is. "Shorty" Lamb is from Noo Yawk State; wifey, Pat, proves that all the good looking gals don't come from Texas. Freddy Renshaw, pride of Booneville, Mo., brags about his pup. "He's almost housebroken." We wonder? Flight Leader Chick Weber is still trying to get a clearance for Chicago. The muscle man is Oh. Oh. Skubal.

Our Meteorology expert, "Thunderstorm" Lazzara, thinks a "Hot foot" is the first cousin of the Warm

COURSE 12 - POT POURRI.



"Mike" Campbell.



After his first Solo.



"Farmer" Potter.



Allen - On the ball.



Spencer, Newman, Ansell, on leave.



Banks, Brooks & Friend.



Douies & Beer.



Don Glass...



Steur takes off.



Steur & friend.



He turned up later!



McBride & Powell stranded.



Archie Schneider.



Cotton Clarke
Robinson Thomas Shepherd.



Sturman & Perkins.



Reid Spencer Newman Burn
Sturman Reynolds Mather.



Robbie "binding".....



Newman Feneck Collins
Gorick Spencer Sturman Mather.

Front. He needs a demonstration. H. P. Suhm and Blaine Shultz are kept busy over at West Palm. They take turns falling in love with the local maidens. (If the gals at home are listening, we are only kidding!) Endicott's contribution, Ulmstead Powell, dreams of becoming a cigar-smoking colonel in a "Flighter" cap. Such ideas! "Stew" Steuer is still trying to grow that mustache. His grey hairs are due to anticipation of the Wings Exam, and that's "Pukka Gen." Wee Willie Slade ketched cold and is now finishing up with Course Thirteen. Lovely number, that!

Seems we have wandered off the track extolling the virtues of our gang of Yanks in the R.A.F., so back to the story. We were a bunch of "Eager Beavers" starting on Primary, and hardly had we soloed than we were casting longing glances toward the ATs. However, there still was the little matter of seventy hours to be spent learning the intricacies of Stalls, Spins, Aerobatics, etc. Finally that memorable day when we reached Advanced,

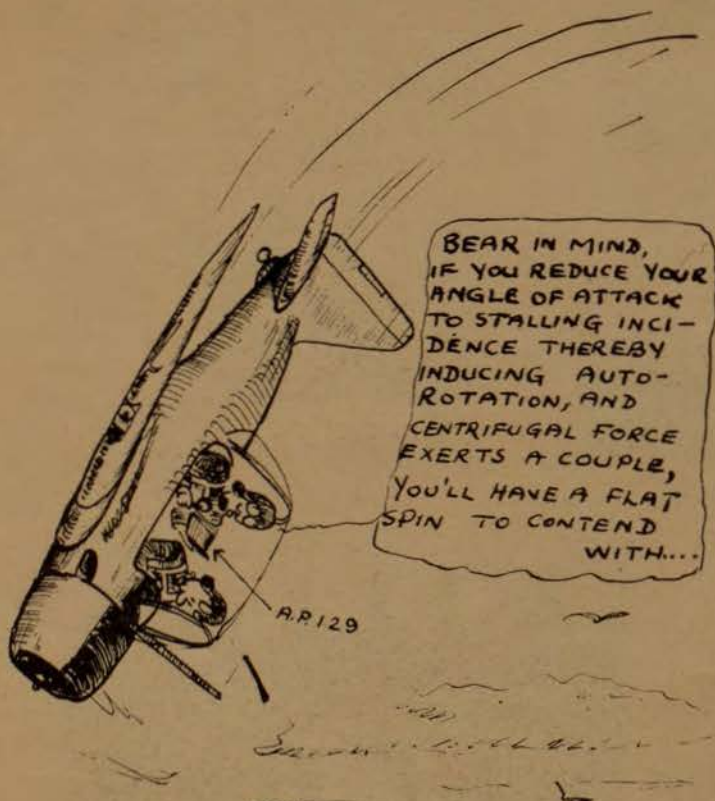
and the Instructor put us into the front seat. Now, we felt, we were really to accomplish things. In time, we did! Smitty tore off a landing gear, Powell ground-looped, and "Curley" Gillette and "Thunderstorm" Lazara nosed up in the soft sand of Riddle Field's concrete-less runways. Check rides didn't bother us either—much. "Stew" Steuer still shudders when he thinks of that wheel-up landing he nearly made on his! He says it could happen to anyone.

Cross countries were swell, especially the long ones where we landed at Primary schools and were the envy of all the struggling "Dodoes."

During all this pleasant training, there was a darker side to our course. Namely, Ground School. With the much-dreaded Wings Exam hanging over our heads like the "Sword of Damocles," we plodded through Navigation under the guidance of "Toibulence" Cowlshaw, and "Profile" Fowler. "Sunshine" Chappell gave us Armaments till we were blue in the face, but we still don't care for his Bombsight. Signals, or Code as we know it, was a particular bugaboo to Sinks McLarty, but he finally licked it.

Yes, all in all, we say that the course was tough, but we wouldn't have traded places with anyone. The ones we owe the most to are our Instructors, both on the flying line and in Ground School, for without their patience and guidance we might have had a different story to tell.

In parting, we'd like to convey our thanks to those two swell Medical Officers, Capt. Wilkin and Lt. Klein, and their staff; to the mechanics and line crew who helped us "Keep 'em Flying;" to the Sergeants in the "Front Office" who doled out our daily mail; to those very patient tower operators who took our "Listening Out" when it should have been "Roger;" to the messing crew; to the girls in the Canteen; to friendly "Cap," who kept us well supplied with fresh linen; to the kind people of Clewiston and West Palm Beach who helped to make our stay here a pleasant one; and to our Captain Persinger, through whose efforts we hope to become good officers on this our graduation day. To you all, thanks, and we'll be seeing you.



CADET'S NIGHTMARE — CHECK RIDE
WITH HIS THEORY OF FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR

A/C Milton Steuer,
Course Twelve



Coles & Stockton.



After Pay Parade.



Skubal.



Horne.



Wilkin.



Washer



Raikes.



Jenkins.



Widdicombe



Parfitt & Owen.



Emmett.



Schmidt.



Evans.



Discombe.



Gowing & Farthing.



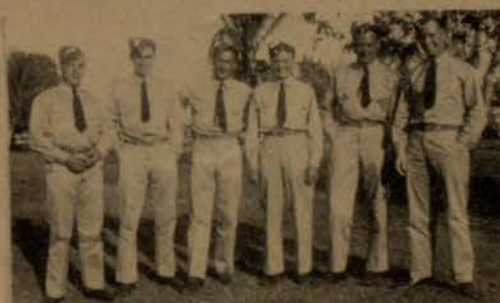
Burgess, G.



Schultz.



Kay.



Miles Smith. Potter Oakes. Cherry. Sinclair



Lazzara & McFarly.



Mc & Mrs Lamb.

Suhm.

Mc & Mrs Alexander.



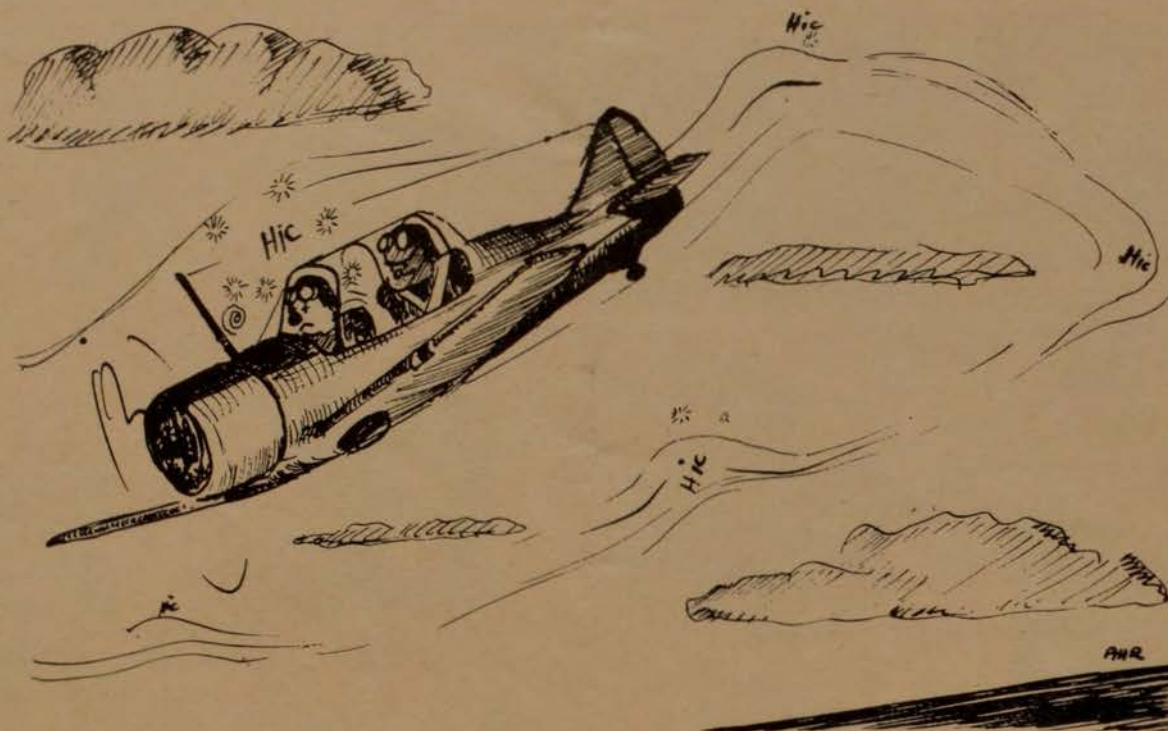
Gillette..



Rugeroni

Weber.

Davies, R.C.



PLIGHT OF AN R. A. F.

"You are dumb, young man," the Instructor cried,
 "And your dumbness is starting to pall:
 I asked for a tight
 Steep turn to the right
 And all you did was to stall."

"That is true," with pride, the young man replied,
 "Though your frankness undoubtedly hurts.
 I train for my spinning
 On diligent ginning
 And whiskies and sodas at Werts."

"Such a life, young man," the Instructor replied,
 "Is hardly conducive to flight.
 I ask you to try
 To fly 'round the sky
 And all you do is get tight."

"That is true," with some pride, the young man replied,
 "I belong to Course Twelve as you know,
 If you ask me to choose
 Between flying and booze,
 I fear me that flying must go."

(After—a long way after—Lewis Carroll)





Hough.



Clarke Instr. Leftwich. Thomas Shepherd.



Baker.



Woodhams.



Hind.



Sinclair & Oakes



Bore.



Cotton



Ansell.



Wilkinson Bros.



Mears



Davies E.J.



Lowett.



Trout.



Ellerton.



France.



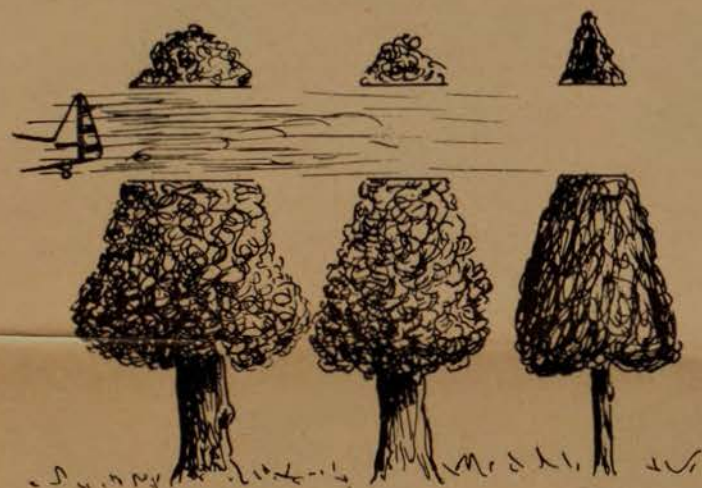
Bain Walker. Scarr. Barton



Steuer.

To The Un-initiated...

SHOULD you feel desirous of taking a flip, it is as well to fortify yourself by a spot of "coke" drinking in the Canteen, after which it becomes necessary to secure some sort of ship. A reliable method of doing this is to sit at the feet of "Gunner" Brink and appear to be immersed in last month's *Life*. If he does not explode on the spot you will be rushed off and given an S.O.S. priority on a ship. (If he does explode, well . . .)



RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Stroll out to your ship, which will be at the end of the night line, and collect a shovel or spade on the way, this being essential to spread the sand more evenly over the bottom of the cockpit. Tactfully awaken the linesman asleep 'neath the port wing, and request him to pump up the tail strut, which you know to be flat, even before looking.

These preliminaries accomplished, request the "belle" of the line to assist you into the cockpit, thereafter dismissing her with a nonchalant wave of your hand. The engine (the weird gadget at the front) must now be started, a simplified and much proven method being to energize, engage and violently pump the throttle back and forth. This last act usually puts you in the limelight as—breathing fire and smoke—your engine "goes to town." If during this "warming up" period your engine stops, then—as a last resort—switch on the gas. Effect

should be immediate. Wait until a linesman is passing behind you before opening the throttle, as this always increases the bond between you.

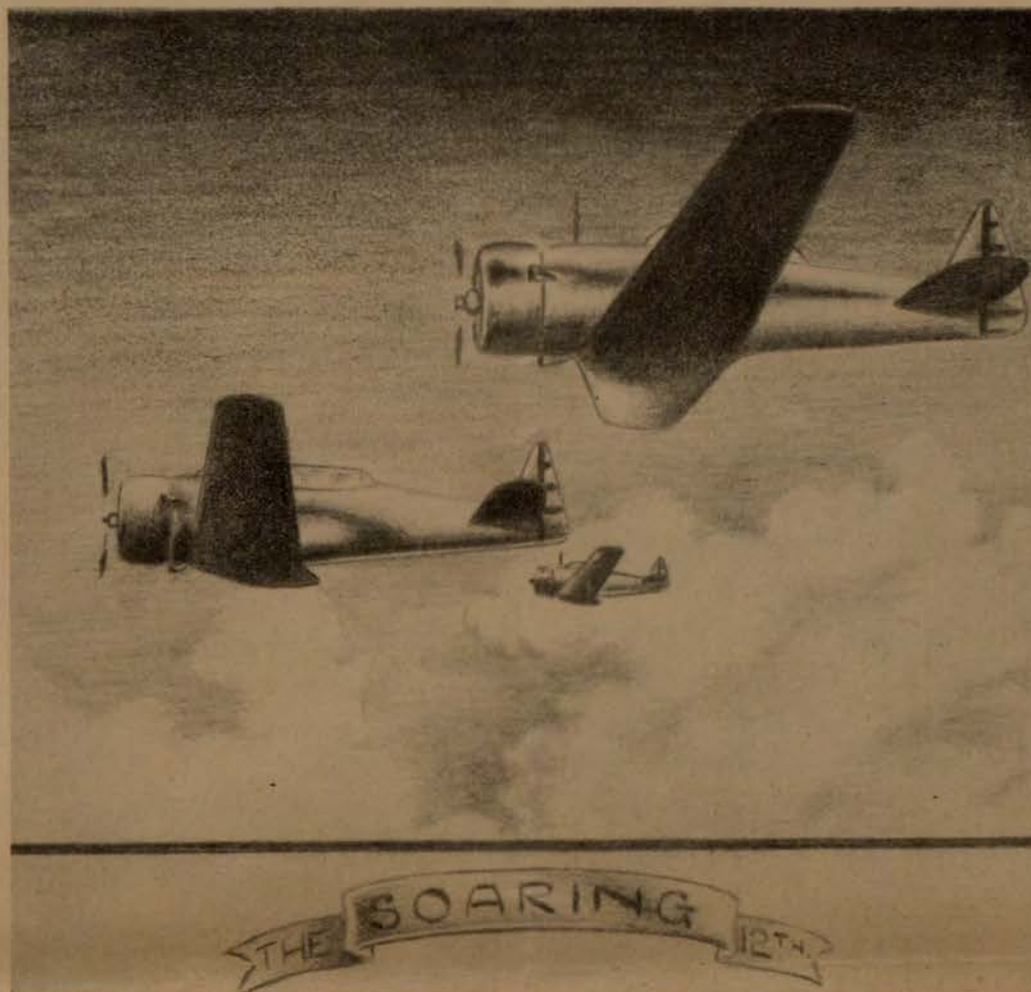
Taxi as fast as possible down the ramp, ignoring the "Tee" (only for sprogs anyhow) and pass as many ships as possible on your way out. The best way to take-off is due north, as orientation by the Field boundaries makes things simple, but if you want to take-off in any other direction—O.K., please yourself. If the Tower is busy, don't intrude, and if all is quiet let them rest.

The moment has arrived. Brace yourself, turn north and open her up as far as possible; mags can be checked in the air to save time. Hold the ship on the ground until the road looms ahead. This always looks good to passers-by. Whip up the wheels, leaving the throttle open, as more circuits per minute can be accomplished in this manner. Make a steep climbing turn to the right, because, as all other blokes will be turning left, you will have a clear field, except for a few PTs, which can be ignored.

Waggle your wings at the Tower and come on in with plenty of speed, as this will scare off any ship which may otherwise object to your cutting-in. At the last twenty feet, wheels and flaps are whizzed down, the locking of the former being checked by flying the ship firmly onto the deck, preferably with a little drift. Do not sit back and let your speed die away, but turn straight for the nearest ramp, leaving flaps down to relieve strain on the undercart.

Save walking time by parking next to the dual ships, stopping the engine by merely turning the ignition switch off. Leave the prop in high pitch all ready for the next fellow.

Knock five minutes off your time when filling out Form 1. Form 1-A is simplified by flying on Left tank only and so the whole thing is "in the bag," you being free to totter billet-wards and relax on your bed. S'easy, chaps.



EPIC OF THE FLIGHT LINE

by R. S. Trout

*I'll tell you a tale of the flight line,
Where the ATs thunder and roar—
And the sand rises fast
As the airscrews blast
And the line-girls blast a lot more.*

*For this is a tale of the flight line
Where we try to squeeze in where we can't
And we kick the tail 'round
'Till the error is found
And it's plain that it won't and we shan't.*

*Now it's raining out there on the flight line
And the water is rising, we think,
And the ground crew raise Cain
Beneath the main plane
As they wait for the level to sink.*

*And it's night out there on the flight line
With the ships gleaming there like fresh paint
And Riddle Control
Complains of the hole
Where a ship ought to be—but it ain't.*

*But at last we are all on the flight line,
And the squadrons look on with delight
To see such poor types
Get brevets and stripes
And the right to get tight the same night.*

L'ENVOI:—

*And when we are gone from the flight line
To fly with all those gone before
We'll always remember the flight line—
The sun-blistered, sand-pitted flight line—
We'll wish we were back on the flight line—
To shout "Clear" and "Contact" once more.*

Clewiston, Florida.

Dear George (the Automatic Pilot),

Week after week I've intended writing you, but six long months have dashed by since you last heard from me. To bring you up-to-date with my activities, I'll have to take you back to Maxwell Field, where when you last heard from me, I was an Aviation Cadet in a Pre-Flight School.

Well, one bright day I thought I'd "had it"—my name was called out over the loud-speaker with fifty-odd other fellows to report to the Projection Room at 11:00 the following day. Until we arrived there to learn the details, I was actually making preparations to go back to the rank of "buck private." However, it was a lucky break for several of us—we were assigned to Riddle-McKay Aero College, Clewiston, Florida, for our flight training, and at the same time placed in the Air Transport Command.

We arrived the day after Armistice Day—with our fellow classmates—all R.A.F. boys and Leading Aircraftmen by rank. Straightaway we were assigned to our billets, all mixed in with the British. With a swimming pool for our front yard and tennis courts for a side yard, it was almost too much of a contrast for some of us to take and still retain our military poise, which was so properly instilled into us. Particularly when our new schedule required everything done according to R.A.F. technique. Such things as "Right Wheel," "About Turn," "Stand at East," "Officer on Parade Dismiss," etc., gave us something to think about.



Our Primary Course was over before you could say "Jack Robinson," and we were flying AT-6-As—that is, we were standing them on their noses, taxiing them too fast, getting lost on cross-countries, and landing them at

various spots all over the States of Florida and Georgia, pin-pointing swamp fires for cities while night-flying, "nattering" over the R/T et cetera.

Aside from our activity at the Field, there are the metropolises of Moore Haven and Clewiston. Busses operated by the College make the run frequently. At the week end, after Open Post, it is a sight to behold the bus going from Clewiston to Riddle Field, filled to overflowing with a milling mass of humanity.

Some of the American fellows here are married and have their wives in Clewiston. Naturally, they're the Open Post hounds and run like the devil for town at the slightest excuse. Speaking of Open Post, now that we are Number One Squadron, we are entitled to stay out every week end, whilst the less fortunate squadrons can have only one week end in every two or three.



And a word about discipline and supervision. The Yanks come under R.A.F. command—plus an A.A.F. officer who keeps us on the ball as far as our own Air Force is concerned. The Cadet system of Student Officers is in force here, and it is they who are responsible for keeping law and order.

In general, it has been a wizard experience for me to be with the Englishmen and to be here at Riddle Field. I'm sure all the American lads agree with me when I say we owe a great deal to the College authorities, Officers and Instructors, for having made our sojourn so worthwhile.

Yours ever,
Fred.

The Pilgrim's Progress

AND so it came to pass, in the space of time, that a certain Ellaisee was called and chosen by the A. M. (which meaneth All Mighty) to arise and go hence into

the land of the Yanks, there to imbibe in the wisdom of foreign prophets.



And thus he came in time to the land of Florry Da, where he tarried a while in the Temple of Flyte,

there to learn its mysteries. Here he would sit at the feet of the masters, who daily haranged him in a foreign tongue and would speak to him in parables such as the one concerning the Eagles of Mobile . . . but nay, let us stray not . . . it were better that we sticketh to the matter in hand.

When with the masters, he would become versed in

their foreign tongue, and would speak much smooth sayings as "Let's go," "Sho' is," and "On the Ball," and so he would greet the females whom he encountered in the Temples of Dance. But these females would greet him with faces of stone and then perform their War Dance with much gyving and cutting of rugs and waving of posteriors in derision. In spite of this he would yet persevere and his efforts would be well rewarded.

Amongst the masters and priests of the Temple was a sect known Check Pilates, whose name spread terror and trembling in the heart of Ellaisee, and he would flannel them that he be not cast into the outer darkness of Trenton.

So, by much cunning, Ellaisee in time was approved of by the High Priest and was elevated to minor High Priest and became known as Sarnt Pilate, and he returned whence he came as a Lynshuter, which is most honoured amongst his kind.

In Memoriam

M. E. H. THOMAS

APRIL 28, 1943

"In the Service of His Country"

Riddle Field

Clewiston, Florida

In Memoriam

D. H. WASHER

APRIL 28, 1943

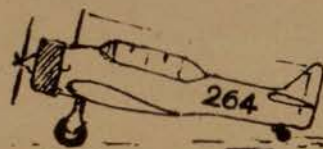
"In the Service of His Country"

Riddle Field

Clewiston, Florida

A Thought on Cumulus

*What shall we recall, we alumni, of Florida?
Warm sunny welcome, soft winds, bright sea?
Green palms 'gainst golden shore?
We'll think of this, and more. We'll yet see
White rolling clouds in a lustrous blue—
Not humid air, condensed, or anything prosaic—
Laughing with us in light joyous aerial frolic,
Commending our loops, spins, rolls and zooms,
Silent approving witnesses of our earth-less maneuvers.*



A Farewell

*Riddle-McKay, your name will never die.
Deep in the heart of those departing hence
Fond memories of you and yours will always lie.
'Twas here we learned to fly, here we came to know
that glorious sense
Of upward climbing freedom. Our thanks are due
For all your kind endeavour. The others, too,
Who eagerly assist you—from Flight Commander to
humble shoe-shine—
To all we say, "Goodbye, good luck and . . . KEEP 'EM FLYING!"*

"Finis Coronat Opus"



Jack Hopkins, Editor

Nelva Purdon, Ralph Thyng, G. W. Morse, Jerry Greenberger, Bob Ahern, Pat McGehee, G. Burgess, Milton Steuer, Mary Brink, Bob Fowler, Jimmy Wilkinson, Harold Curtis, Louise Roth, Peter Hardware, Kenneth Bourne, John Egle, Larry Lillis, Fritz Bromberger, Associate Editors

Course Twelve will receive its Wings this coming Monday, May 24th, with the ceremony conducted in front of the tower. It is expected that a high United States Army Air Corps official will be here to present the Wings. Invited friends of Cadets and employees may attend the ceremonies, the time of which will be announced later.

This Course is the first one at Riddle Field where RAF and AAF Cadets have trained together, and the result has been most successful.

Course Commander is Dick Clark, with E. F. J. Robinson, Charles Weber and Doug Newman as Flight Leaders. Mike Campbell, also of the Graduating Class, has been the Senior Cadet Under Officer.

Appearing in this issue is another fine Listening Out done by this Course. Its editors are to be congratulated on their work.

May we take this opportunity to thank Cadets Milton Steuer and Jimmy Wilkinson for their aid in assisting us as Associate Editors of the Riddle Round-Up column.

Welcome Home

Pilot Officers Les Foskett and Harry Chapman, both graduates of Course 9, visited the Field a few days this week. Both officers have been instructing at Majors Field in Greenville, Tex.

Foskett will be remembered as the first Senior Cadet Under Officer under the new system, and previous to that appointment he was Course Commander of Course 9.

Sport News

The RAF and AAF softball teams got off to a bad start last week. First, the Maintenance team whipped a combination RAF-AAF team 16-12. Then Clewiston High School smacked the RAF 13-5 and the AAF 19-15.

Play was very spotty in these games, and the fielding was particularly sloppy; however with some more practise, both teams should develop into pretty fair outfits.

The RAF lineup included: Taylor, Stewart, Smith, Holderness, Adams, Packham, Lillis, Holland, Venn, Hopkins, Winterbotham, Hills and Bush.

Playing for the AAF were: Cook, Johnson, Nelson, MacGowan, Williams, Burling, Wilson, Koff, Holderness, Payson and Hopkins.

On the Maintenance roster were: Coleman, Feldman, Donnelly, Hallock, Garrone, Brooker, Bennett, Radford, Silva and Greenberger.

Clewiston High School was represented by: Junior and Jack Martinez, Waldron, Pape, Thomas, Hall, Dodges, Stone and Cason.

A Challenge—The Riddle Field Maintenance Softball team extends a challenge to the Old Men (Instructors) of Riddle Field.

While we don't think our team is a "super outfit" (past records prove this) we firmly believe that we can shellac any aggregation that the Riddle Field Instructors can put on the field.

Cadets Trim Instructors

The Cadets "loaned" the Instructors two players and then went on to trim them, 16 games to 9, in a return table tennis match at the Instructor's Club last week. The first match was won by the Instructors.

On the Cadet team were: Muraille from Course 13 and Corley-Smith, Best, Jowett and Lamb from Course 12. The Instructors were represented by: Bob Walker, Phil Coon, Jack Hopkins and their two "borrowed" players, Cadets Evans and Kay from Course 12.

On the tennis front, W/C George Greaves advanced to the finals of the singles tournament with an easy 6-2, 6-2 victory over Jack Hopkins. The winner was hard pres-

sed at no time and now meets the victor of the S/L Hill - F/L Crossley match for the championship.

From Course 14

Hello again. This is your favorite Course still on the ball after an exciting week, chief "exciter" being Peter Jackson, who is the latest member of the Caterpillar Club. Official sources deny the rumor that the Parachute department is now displaying a notice, "Bet your Jack on our Pack."

More news of the wizards of the diamond, the softball team, is a trial game being held against Clewiston on Sunday. Latest discovery by our coach is John Winterbotham, a promising short stop.

We have not heard from any challengers yet, so get cracking, brother Riddle-ites; we'll do our best to accommodate you. (After the games on Sunday, the best is none too good.)

Did you hear the story of the Cadet who wanted to waste an hour, so he tried to get a phosphate in the Canteen? Kidding aside, the Canteen workers have a very busy time, and even though we do have to wait some time, we do appreciate their efforts, or rather their products.

Carry on the good work, Mrs. Welsh, Margaret, Leola, Mrs. Harris, Rosie and other nameless stalwarts of the food front.

Several of the Flight Instructors are enjoying short vacations before the new Class arrives.

The offices of the RAF and AAF administrative officers have been moved from the Administration building to the new building in front of the tower.

Several of the RAF officers have been in Washington on business this past week.

Primary Instructor Howe has a unique greeting to anyone calling his room at the Clewiston Inn. He answers with "East Coast Fisheries" or "Casey's Brick Yard" and

Continued on next page

RIDDLE FIELD RECORD HIGH JUMP



Bill Lawrence, Course 13, goes over the 5 ft. 3 in. mark for a new record in high jump at the recent Track and Field meet.

VENEZUELAN CADET AT RIDDLE FIELD WRITES OF HOME

by Federico Zerres,

I have been in Clewiston for a very short time but have been asked by several friends I have met to tell them something about my country. I think a brief writing in the Fly Paper will be much better than my own description.

Today I'll try to write about the curious way my country was named, of which not many know.

In 1499, one year before Columbus discovered my country on his third voyage, Alonso de Ojeda made a voyage along the Northern coast of South America, coming to a great bay or gulf called Coquivacoa by the natives.

Entering the gulf he was surprised to see on the eastern shore a village of about twenty bell-built habitations, erected on piles over the shallow water.

The natives communicated with each other by means of canoes, which went from house to house. It is said that Ojeda was stricken by the resemblance of the city to Venice, Italy, and named both the village and the gulf Venezuela, which means "Little Venice."

With time, that name spread all over the country, and now it is officially called the United States of Venezuela. Brazil and Venezuela are the only two countries in South America known as "United States."

Next time I'll try to write a little bit more about my beloved land which is situated in the northern part of South America.

*There was a Cadet named Crooks,
A man of fair hair and good looks.
His trip to Punta Gorda
Was the height of disorder,
Just 3½ hours, gadzooks!*

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

Continued from Preceding Page

you do quite a bit of wondering before he assures you that you don't have the wrong number.

PTI Sergeant Moyes has now recovered from his recent illness and will be back on the job next week.

We have heard this week from Phillip Mighell, Course Seven, who reports that he is a Staff Pilot now training observers. Frank Pegg has just finished his training on Spitfires (Frank was Course Commander of No. 7), and Bill Baker and "Boy" Lock of the same Course are just starting on Spitfires.

A very fine letter also arrived last week from Flying Officer George Sharp, Senior RAF officer at Craig Field in Selma, Ala. We reprint it in full:

"For almost ten months, we of Course Six that are here and many others besides



Left: Tennis doubles champions W/C George Greaves and Lt. Klein. Right: F/L Smith and Cadet Allan Best were the runners-up.

have received and enjoyed reading each issue of the Fly Paper that you have so kindly sent.

"The last edition especially made me glad that I can claim some connection with that great organization and made me remember the good times I had when I was a resident there. We have noted the progress with interest and often wish our Cadet days had been held back a few months.

"But all things must come to an end and in a little while the RAF will be only a memory at Craig Field. I'm proud to state that it will be a good one.

"All of our Course, Young, Maltby, Miles and myself, will be leaving at the end of this month. The remainder of the RAF will leave next month.

"We have been the only representatives of Riddle Field here, and I'm pretty sure we haven't let our side down. We also learned the tough times our Instructors had with us, especially myself. Don't send any Fly Papers here after we've gone, but please keep sending them to England for us.

"Give my regards to F/L Nickerson and to Instructors Place, Day and Rooney. Well, Jack, I wish I had been able to get down to see the old place, but till I do here's wishing you and all the Riddle Field family all the best, as we get ready to return to old Blighty."



This little Gremlin snaps off pencil points

ODE TO COURSE 12 DEDICATED BY MRS. C. A. WADLOW

*Have you seen an Airman fly, seen him fly?
Tell me have you seen a student Airman fly?*

*As you see him floating high
Like an eagle in the sky.
Do you follow, heart and eye,
As he flies, as he flies,
Tell me have you seen a student Airman fly?*

Have you seen an Airman soar, seen him soar?

Have you seen a spunky "Yankee" Airman soar?

*Have you heard the engines roar
They are coming, more and more
Till this evil strife is o'er
Will they soar, will they soar,
Tell me have you seen a spunky "Yankee" soar?*

Have you seen an Airman dive, seen him dive?

Have you seen a plucky British Airman dive?

*That no foe be left alive
And no shackle left to rive
So that truth and right survive
Does he dive, does he dive?
Tell me, have you seen a plucky Briton dive?*

Have you heard how those doughty Airmen fight, how they fight?

*The AAC and RAF how they fight?
After dark or in daylight
Like angry bees in maddened flight
They sting the foe with all their might
For Peace and Freedom do they fight.
Sure, you've heard how these doughty Airmen fight.*

Do you hear the Airmen coming home, coming home?

Tell me, can you hear the Airmen coming home?

*Victory in the engines drone
The struggle o'er, no more to roam,
Living, winging o'er the foam,
Worn and weary, but coming home.
Oh when, Lord, shall we hear them coming home?*

ONE YEAR AGO

One Year Ago — Macfadden-Deauville Hotel on Miami Beach is made the official Embry-Riddle week end headquarters, and the Embry-Riddle parties will be held there in the future. Swimming pool and flag staff are pictured in this issue.

Tom Rowland, Course Commander of Course 6, and Paul Prior, Primary Flight Dispatcher, are pictured on Miami Beach not in swimming trunks. President John Paul Riddle is wished a happy birthday by the Fly Paper, having observed his anniversary on the 19th. (Ed. note—No age reported.)

ENLISTED PERSONNEL AT DORR FIELD



Back row: Marshak, Talley, Lambeth, Lofgren, Sharp, Dodderpuhl, Reed, Brunner and Thompson. Middle row: Miller, Guidry, Meyer, Richards, Little, Martin and Fewell. Front row: Myers, Labosiere, Smith, Evans and Adamson.

DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

Here we go again. We're well prepared this time though—we have both fingers taped. In fact, we can almost imagine the typewriter shuddering and saying "here comes that man again."

Heh, heh, Union City's Kenny Stiverson in the doghouse. We would have been in the doghouse several weeks ago only there wasn't room for two people. Never you mind, Kenny, it becomes you.

D. L. Platt has been complaining that he ought to have a flower garden like our disposal engineer, H. L. Burton. H. L. brings flowers to all the good-looking gals on the Post.

Who said summer would never get here? This last week has been a scorcher. That old saying that horses sweat, men perspire, and women, the fairer sex, just grow slightly damp. Gosh we ain't human.

"Pop" Anderson made a good start in renovating the front gate house—we said start. The paint gave out and should be here this week—we're planning on having a gate warming party and inviting George Mackie and Jake Newsome over (boy would they be jealous). Of course they would bring the refreshments. We always did want them to come over and see a really good looking Field.

Short Snorter's Log

News from the Flight line is scarce this week. Mrs. Evans fell down on the job. Remember what we threatened you with?

The story this week concerns none other than "Buttercup," who, we understand, was riding into town with some Instructor who made the remark that he had never seen any bulldogging.

"Buttercup," always the obliging gentleman, opened the car door and made a fly-

ing tackle on a poor unsuspecting cow that was grazing along the shoulder of the road. Amid a tangle of hooves and Taylor the PUC (poor unsuspecting cow) was lying in the middle of the road with Taylor underneath in true bulldogging style. That Taylor is a rugged individual.

Next week we hope to have a list of all the Dorr Field horse owners and the names of the various steeds—every night one can see a regular cavalcade riding the streets of Arcadia getting ready for the Annual Rodeo—for all information concerning the coming event you can contact Billy "Rodeo" Welles over at the Auxiliary Field. For that plug, "Rodeo," you can buy us a coke.

The Army Side

We haven't heard much from the Army this week. Think maybe they are making secret strategic plans on a coming fox hunt, maybe a Commando Raid led by Capt. Weathers and Lt. Anderson.

Lt. Anderson we know has had past experience. When we say past, we mean just that. Past rhymes with fast and that's what the fox is. Lt. Frank was heard to remark that he was going to catch that fox bare handed and chew his ears off personally.

Cpl. Martin and Sgt. Brunner back on the Post after taking the final plunge into matrimony. Dorr Field welcomes Mesdames Martin and Brunner. Guess you two fellars will stay home at night now.

Tol'ably yours,
Jack

"Well, Jack, it looks to me like the War is going to be over soon."

"Holy smoke, I hope it doesn't finish before I get my furlough!"

AROUND DORR

by Allen Morrow, Jr.

Well, it seems that between the "not so well polished plumbing fixtures," the "not so hung right gas masks," and the "not turned in at all parachutes," and in some cases all three combined, a lot of the fellas spent the week end sitting out various tours. Which brings us up to the fact that for a price and with a little fast talking those tours will be sat.

Underground

Information regarding this service can be obtained through the Post underground and it also might be added that there are some special extras offered that cannot be mentioned here.

And in case you get those tours, make a bee line for Barracks eight and see Deacon Hofmeyer, who has taken over all the T. S. card punching in the absence of a Chaplain.

First Captain Geo. also holds down the most Goldbricking job on the Field for just yelling six measly words (and only six) at retreat every night. He gets open post on Thursday, and then to top things off, "Hot Lips" Milam, our "melancholy bugler," goes to town with him. It just ain't right.

You know, those extra open posts should go to men like "Eager Beaver" Billy Pendergrass, who surprised us all by getting up the other night at nine thirty, putting on all his clothes right up to the tie and sleepily staggering out the door mumbling something about revielle, etc.

On and On

Another character we have on the Post is A/C I. M. Bant. I would innumerate some of the things he does, but one would lead into another and this whole column would be exhausted.

After many hours of careful deliberation and much arguing, a name has finally been decided on for Theory of Flight Instructor Scott. It's "Bugs Bunny." Of the many others, "Curly," "Blondy" and "Cuddles" received honorable mention in the order named. Sorry we don't know the originator of this or we would give him due credit, and also give the rabbit a chance to get even.

It has been suggested there be no confinements for 43-I on their last week end in town. We surely hope that this plan is put into effect by the Administrative Staff. In fact it should be made a custom.

On the subject of customs, what happened to that one about the best flight of the week receiving an extra open post, as published in the copies of post regulations?

Say, by the way, the next time you should happen to wander over to Link, drop in and get a gander at the one down near the east end all painted up with a flashing row of P-40 Flying Tiger teeth twisted into a sardonic grin.

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Ken Stiverson, Editor

Jimmy Glover, Associate

B. C. Humphries, Howard Cooper, Frank Haynes, Paul Moore, Associates

Robert D. Watts was born in Saunemin, Ill. on July 25, or 26, 1919. He's not sure about the date. The event took place about midnight and there is some doubt.

Bob's family moved to Arkansas soon after he was born and then when he was a year old to Toledo, Ohio. All his public schooling was received in Toledo.

After graduating from high school, Bob entered the University of Toledo. Deciding to study chemical engineering, he spent five years of hard work and study to obtain his degree. Yet, he still found time for intramural sports and belonged to Alpha Phi Omega Fraternity.

Bob's brother had taken Primary CPT and had broken down any objections the family might have had to flying.

This made things easy for Bob and he enrolled for CPT at The Metcalf Flying Service, which operated at Transcontinental Airport. During this period he was a busy little man. Besides flying and taking ground school, he attended the University and in his spare time delivered groceries and played on a baseball team.

Feeling that the time spent taking Primary would be wasted if he didn't continue, he took in quick succession all the various courses CPT had to offer.

He got his Instructor's Rating and he and four other fellows wrote to all the Primary schools they could think of. The first answer was from Carlstrom Field, or rather Riddle Aeronautical Institute.

The whole gang reported to Carlstrom on November 11, 1942. They immediately were sent over to Dorr Field and started the Refresher Course.

On December 20, Bob was assigned to Flight 2. In September of the following year he was transferred to Embry-Riddle Field, here at Union City.

Flight 4 had just been formed and still

needed several Instructors, so he was put in this Flight for a while then shifted to Flight 2. About this time a large group of refreshers had been signed up and he was made Assistant to Jim Long.

Bob was a seasoned Instructor by this time and was sent back to Flight 4 as Assistant Flight Commander to John Brannon. He had an A-1 record with this Flight and in several months was made Flight Commander of Flight 6.

* * *

Mr. Povey flew in for a brief visit in an AT 6. We enjoy these visits, which seem altogether too short.

Joe Fiegal, who is instructing on AT's at Clewiston, dropped in on a Cross Country hop. Sorry we didn't get to see you. Joe. It would have been interesting to talk over old times.

It's impossible for six girls to get into the back seat of a Ford, but they, not knowing this, did it anyhow. What Ford, and what girls?

We wonder who Lt. Kleiderer was talking to over the phone the other day "Yessir, nossir, yessir, yessir." Tsk, tsk Lieutenant, such a conversation.

The Time department boasts a new addition to its staff, Lucy Garrigan of Cayce, Ky. The Tower Twins will surely drive her nuts in a few weeks. These gals like to window shop. From the top floor.

Sooo . . . We have a robber in our midst. A Jesse James, a scrooge. Go thru a certain department on the Field and it costs plenty. A sip of coke, a bite of candy or a hunk of sandwich.

A/C Bill McRae, formerly of Carlstrom and Union City, is taking his Primary at Darr Aero Tech, Albany, Ga.

He saw Tubby Taylor's picture in the Fly Paper week before last. Looks natural. Why don't you light that cigar, Tubby?



Man of the Week, Bob Watts

Wanted: A patented back scratcher for Jim Long. He's wearing all the paint off the roof supports around the Flight Line.

Everyone positively drools when Chic Clark pulls forth his lunch each day. We will bet that Virginia Hunt won't drool any more tho. It seems there was soap in the tidbit she swiped when Chic's back was turned.

Butch Kussrow, heir to Kussrow's Acres, now is the proud possessor of not one, but four teeth. Four big toothy teeth.

Buster Humphries is an old bull fighter from way back. However, he shoots the bull instead of stabbin' it. In the near future we are going to give you an account of some of his adventures while in the Navy. Hold your hat when we do.

Seriously, he has had an interesting and varied career. He served for a number of years in the Navy on Submarine duty. Surely, this is one of the most exciting branches of the Service.

The Pilot's Club, located on East Main in Union City, was formerly a private home built by Sam Etheridge about ten years ago. The building is two stories and boasts a spacious back yard complete with badminton court and croquet. An archery range is being set up and will be completed within a few days.

Downstairs in the house itself there is one huge room which serves as a general gathering place and dance floor. Then there is a modernly equipped kitchen and a spacious lounge complete with radio and mag-



Pilot's Club at Embry-Riddle Field



Sunday afternoon at the Club

azine racks. Three game rooms are located upstairs.

It costs a pilot only three dollars a month to enjoy the relaxation and comfort to be found at the Club.

Ken Beegle of the Remington-Peters Cartridge Co. gave an interesting and instructive exhibition of trick and fancy shooting at this Post last week.

Mr. Beegle used guns ranging from .22's to .30 calibre. We surely would hate to be on the receiving end of the target range when he gets warmed up.

His neatest trick, in our opinion, was to shoot an oil can full of water, sending a second can balanced on top of the first high into the air, and then working the action of the heavy rifle and shooting the second can in mid air.

"Flywheel" Jones is on his vacation in West Virginia. It's hard to remember whether these fellows are from Virginia or West Virginia. Woe is the guy who forgets. For some reason or other a Virginian resents being called a West Virginian and "vicey-vercy."

The Flight Line personnel enjoyed a Bar-B-Cue (as per roadside signs) at the Pilot's Club last Sunday. Pilots and Dispatchers gobbled grub greedily at the expense of those who have made Form 1 errors in the last six months. Could it be that the ones who made the most errors and therefore had to pay the most fines ate accordingly?

Note to our two readers: "Boots" Frantz is from Virginia, not West Virginia. He hasn't said anything about our error in a former issue, but it's better to be safe than sorry.

What Sergeant in Link Trainer and what gal in Buildings and Grounds have been cooing on the Company Bus every day? In case we're sued, we have six witnesses. No protection from a black eye though.

Mr. Barton, the painter, trying to explain the blending of white letters on a white background on the new Field Identification Sign.

Sergeants Davis and Farmer of Army Engineering worked like Trojans getting all the airplanes inspected so they could attend the Shooting Exhibition.

Things we are thankful for: No more Battleship being played in Operations. Too busy now.

Due to shortage of time and news we are gonna have to bid you "adoo."



Helen Bond Giving Out Chutes at Union City

ALLOVER OVERHAUL

CARLSTROM FIELD

by Bleeka Kistler

One morning this week Lloyd Rames went into Barker's Restaurant to have breakfast. The colored waitress asked him what he wanted. "Tell me," said Lloyd "what do people in Arcadia have for breakfast?" "They eats the same things as everybody else," the waitress answered, "but befo' they eats they say, 'Thank God I'm in Arcadia'."

A resumé of Charley McRae's vacation—If you don't believe a mud fish can catch you, just get him on a "minnow" and let him throw the other end into your hand about dark, thirty miles from nowhere except the creek and the mud fish. Then see if you can turn surgeon and perform your own operation. If you don't think that's fun, try cutting that hook out with your own pocket knife, as Charlie did.

But that experience didn't stop the catching of "eleven bass." After this great fishing trip, he spent the remainder of the week collecting money to buy cigarettes for the boys overseas. Regardless of his crippled hand, he collected one hundred and fifty-four dollars. If you doubt that Charles had a full week, just try it sometime.

He wishes to thank all who contributed and made possible the purchase of over three hundred cartons of Camels for our boys overseas.

Our Army Inspector, Charles Berberian, finally has been blessed with one of the highly popular so called "Crawling Geborkja." If anyone can furnish any scientific information concerning the "Geborkja," please submit same to the Inspection department and receive reward.

At the Safety Meeting this week. Pop Myers was appointed Safety Director of Carlstrom Field.

Congratulations to Papa B of S.M. We hear the addition of triplets to his family of twelve has not dampened his spirits or his cheery smile. Papa B. is just nineteen but is doing his bit for our country.

We shall miss Ken Anderson who leaves for his vacation. But we hope he has a grand week with the "Missus" and the little "Son."

I notice the workmen are making amazing progress with the building of our new Hangar. It seems only yesterday that they were digging the dirt for the foundation, and today it is nearing completion.

Oh! Happy days are in store for us—what with air conditioning and better working facilities which will permit us to work three shifts or twenty-four hours. Then we can say, "Let it rain, what do we care."

The women of Carlstrom Overhaul have by no means completely replaced men workers, but even the most skeptical officials have been surprised at the number who have made good in this he-man's work.

The Administrative Executives of Aircraft Overhaul at Carlstrom wish to express their appreciation for the splendid cooperation and team work for last week's production. Keep it up.

I know what you are thinking, folks. I'm trying to do my best to fill up space. So why don't you help me out and give me something to write about? Come on, let's have more news from the various departments. How am I to know?

CARLSTROM FIELD

Continued from Page 1

It is regretted that more of the personnel of the two Fields in Arcadia missed this entertaining and instructive demonstration.

All personnel should feel it a part of their duty to become familiar with these things for we never know when this information will come in handy. If we don't know what to do, we'll just have to "let George do it."



CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee Cook

The forces of nature banded together last week to bring us an overture of hail and thunder, featuring the wicked jive tempo of the rain. The ill wind from Winneka played two selections, "Strip Polka" and "Blow the man down." Both were a howling success.

How old man river could have got so far off course is beyond me. Systematic irrigation would have done the same thing, only in a much more economical way.

The office force had grand stand seats in the cozy shelter of the Ark (formerly known as the Administration Building) . . . we were just as snug as 8 barnacles on a raft. Sit down, Betty, you're rocking the boat!

First Mate Tiny Tim Heflin forged dauntlessly through the storm to the Field without rubbers, raincoat or even life-raft. In order to reinforce the battle line. And here we would like to give a word of praise to those that armed their stations under the severest of circumstances.

Salutes and service stripes to Dudley Rasmussen, Buzz Price, Chuck Helm and the girls on the Line Crew as well as the mechanics, and also to those gallant CAP lands who, in the mad rush, were not singularly recognizable.

The softball game last Thursday was a perfectly horrible example of the devastating methods used by the Army to defeat the foe. Chapman was, figuratively speaking, gently annihilated by that team of Army guys.

A little more practice, like a little more cheering, would have gone a long way. How's about you Chapman fans coming out and rooting for the old home team, huh?

The new Navy Class, officially known as Session 43-I, reported Monday for the first preliminary flight training to be delivered to the Cadets over a period of eight weeks.

Flight Commanders Helen Cavis and Dave Narrow will be in charge of Flights I and II respectively.

Their duties are to check students as to flight progress and aptitude and to see that various records such as Log Books, Oper-



Cadet Bill Stenbridge of Perry, Ga., reads up on flight rules

ation Sheets and Form 1s "are in the groove."

Both Flight Commanders did a swell job on the first program and are even more determined that this Session will be graduated with flying colors. Keep up the good work.

Congratulations and all the trimmings to Instructors Jerimiah (Gerry) Cook and Lewis (Smitty) Smith who are, so it says on that little piece of paper, full-fledged Gadget Pilots.

E. L. Clawson, District WTS Flight Supervisor, paid us a short visit this week to

confirm rumors that he will shortly be transferred to the Regional Office in Atlanta.

He left supremely happy, having won a lien on my future salary as a loser's debt for being such a poor dart-board shooter.

We ran into past employees Hal Ball and Bill Rich a few days ago and learned that the former piloted President Riddle and Vice-President Wheeler back to town via Eastern Airlines.

Hal was the ingenious wit behind the paint brush that set-up our Operational Unit here, and altho he has gone a step further in aviation, he still exploits the theory that flying machines, like women, are only here for the duration. Bill Rich is connected with Pan American in a, and I quote, "Flying Lineboy" capacity.

Speaking of those who have gone but are not forgotten, we received word from Bill Carey that former CPT students Everett Link, Butthead Bailey, Red Friant, Dave Platt and Van Burgin, Jr. are all enrolled in the Link-Instrument Course at Furman University, Greenville, S. C. Good luck, boys, and let us hear from you often.

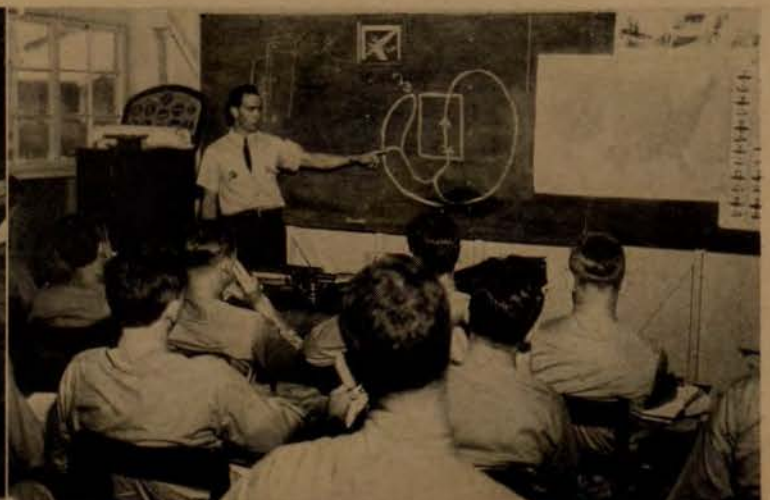
Next week something new and exciting is going to happen. Some unsuspecting defenseless soul is going to have one glorious time Guest Columning while Yours Truly recuperates from a slight case of appendectomy. Who will it be? Silently speaking, I dunno.

AFRAID?

*Afraid? Yes, God, I am afraid!
I hate war's gruesome sight;
But fear will never conquer me,
My will shall rule my fright.*

*Only a fool denies his dread
Nor sees the phantom near;
I much prefer the fearful man
Who fights in spite of fear!*

NAVY PROGRAM UNDER WAY AT CHAPMAN FIELD



Left: Instructress Helen Webster discusses a trip with the Naval Cadets, while on the right Instructor Tim Heflin explains traffic patterns and small field landings.

TRUE FISH STORY



Fishermen of Class 12-43 AMC had a pleasant and successful day at Lake Okeechobee when each caught their limit of fresh water bass. From left to right, Albert Johnson, Charles Lance and Freddy Green.

SPORTSMEN

RAY SICCONI—20-year-old Chicagoan—loves football and boxing—went to the U. of Maryland on football for Clark Shaunnessy—majored in Physical Training and wants to become a football coach—has applied for Aviation Cadet and already qualified for rear gunner—is the Gables' boxing coach.

GEORGE MORAN—Born in Philadelphia 33 years ago but raised in New York City—in the Army nine years and while with the 16th Coast Artillery held the Welterweight title in Hawaii from 1927 to 1933—was known as "Petey" Moran.

JOE WHALEY—Born in 1916 at Haynesville, La.—Played twice against All-American Gaynell Tinsley in High School—set the Hop-Skip and Jump record at Louisiana Tech with a mark of 45 feet and six and one-half inches—has many medals and statuettes, plus two letters won in football, two in basketball and three in track—in the Army four years—was on the 1940 Kelly Field Basketball Championship team—the same group won the 1941 Gardner Field, Calif., Basketball Championship again—1942 played on the Army's outstanding Pacific Coast Football team—in the last game and last quarter badly broke his right wrist—is on the Gables boxing squad and captain of the class basketball team.

LARRY GEBIE—21-year-old heavy-weight boxing squad member—played High School football and at John Carroll's college while majoring in business administration—hobby is stamps—likes blue eyed blondes and interested in knowing an E-R station wagon driver.

RAY NEWALL—170-pound Gables leather pusher—played High School football at Rutherford, N. J., with the later famous Fordham Flash Jimmy Bluminstock—attended U. of New Mexico before enlisting in the Army.

Continued on Page 27

BOXING

After a lively couple of months our boxing show slumped to just four bouts last week. Lt. Moch was unable to send over the usual squad due to graduations and Lt. Meyer had a number of boxers on the same list.

The show was an all Gables one in which Ray Siccone, the new boxing coach, put on an exhibition match with Paul Ebert.

Chuck Intrabartoli and Bill Agnew from Class 22-43-A-2 opened the evening's proceedings in a manner which gave the impression they were out to give each other the business.

If Pfc. Joe Taranto of Class 22-43-A-2 ever gets close to Mussolini or any of the other Axis members, then all h— is going to break loose with Joe doing the breaking, if one can judge by his ability in the art of beak busting.

For our money he is one of the classiest featherweights that has turned out as yet for the squad. Perhaps the fact that he was paired with his own classmate, Ted Kok, prevented him from really pouring on the heat for a K.O. win. He should have very little trouble winning two more bouts and receiving one of the engraved pair of Golden Gloves for being a three-time winner.

The last bout of the evening brought together two other classmates from 21-43-A-1 in Bill Edwards and Bill O'razio, 155 pounders.

The officials of the match were Wilfred Kage and Vincent Zarlinga, Judges; Barney Fishman, Referee; and Foster Brady, Timer and Knock-down Judge.

Lt. Meyer and Ray Siccone say that beginning next week the show will again be on the upgrade with more bouts and a renewal of the weekly squabble with Lt. Moch's leather pushers from Tech.

Lt. Meyer has also announced that it is advisable to change our weekly boxing show from a Thursday to a Friday so as

WAR PRACTICALLY OVER

Syd Burrows, Director of Housing for Coral Gables, recently received an interesting letter from his sister in Manchester, England, telling him that she receives the Fly Paper regularly.

Now that his younger brother, George, is in North Africa Syd claims the War can't last much longer!

not to conflict with the weekly dance that is held each Thursday evening for the soldiers at the Coral Gables Women's Club, just one block east of the Antilla Hotel. The first and next boxing bout gets under way next Friday at 8 p.m. sharp. Everyone welcome.

GABLES GABBLES

Sgt. Zemer pulled a fast one on S/Sgt. Coulthurst, who seemed to have a monopoly on winning the E banner for his barracks week in and week out.

It seemed that the S/Sgt. had something on the Inspecting Officer (not to mention any names, Lt. Schwab) so after S/Sgt. Coulthurst left on his furlough, Sgt. Zemer entered Class 21-43-D, residing at 226 Sidonia, as his choice for the banner—and if ever a Sgt. put in a busy day he certainly did!

A medal should be awarded to Sgt. Zemer who put the barracks in shape just before the Inspecting Officer entered the front door. Zemer made a hurried exit through the back door and later he was heard chuckling to himself when told that the barracks at 226 Sidonia had won the Banner with a perfect score.

I'm also told that the soldiers there are still looking for all the loose apparel that Zemer tucked away.

BRIG. GEN. WILLIAMS VISITS TECH



Commander of the 29th Flying Training Command, Brig. Gen. John G. Williams came down from Moody Field, Ga., last week to inspect the Tech School. He is shown pointing out something of interest to John Paul Riddle.

TECH TALK

by Lorraine Bosley

Hmm! Snared! Trapped! Caught in the act without an excuse. For some time I had eluded the low and sweet but persistent voice of Mrs. Burton asking me to guest-write this column. I had been so successful that I had forgotten all about it for the moment, but alas! R-r-ring! (That phone again!)

"Good morning, Lorraine. How are you this morning?" (That sweet persistent voice!)

"Just fine, thank you," I answered unsuspectingly.

"Do you remember my asking you quite some time ago—(oh, oh, here it comes!) to guest-write Tech Talk? Well?" And here I am—mercilessly chained and gagged. What a dilemma!

How to begin? What's interesting? Where's the real "dirt"? How to "dig" it up? Oh-h-h, my head. However, here goes.

Is It the Weather?

Honestly, more people are doing "nothing" these days. Is it Spring Fever?

When I asked Marty Warren what she had been doing, the only answer I could get was, "Absolutely nothing." But—where does Marty get that sparkle in those vivid blue eyes?

Mr. Lunnion says, "Not a thing!" I wonder. Just look at the sunburn he's been sporting lately!

Kay Williams of Drafting shook her head dolefully and just said, "Nothing." However, I've heard a rumor that she's learning to fly. And there's a reason for the beginning of all rumors. Come on and tell us, Kay.

Mr. Gallagher gave me this kind of answer, "My dear young lady, I live a very monotonous life!" Hmm! That doesn't sound like Mr. Gallagher.

Who were the two girls who wanted to join the Sheet Metal class of soldiers taught by Mrs. Bentley? I wonder why, too!

Who among the drivers are so anxious about some certain pictures that were taken recently? Judging by the restless anticipation of a couple of our pretty chauffettes, those pictures must be quite interesting.

What Department Head is pulling his hair and gnashing his teeth as he searches high and low for something he needs very much? Unless my spies have given me a false lead, a stenographer is the object of his exploration.

Who are the quartette of soldiers that "give out" with the close harmony down in the Welding department? Won't someone give out with the "info"? The USO could use you boys to great advantage on those Thursday night shows.

Ah! A Bit of News

Bernice Matthiesson, the sweet brunette behind the counter in the lobby, certainly has a big influence back of all the smiles she's been showering on everyone lately. Her hubby just recently became a lieutenant in the Army Intelligence. She receives most interesting letters from him, too. Who wouldn't smile?

I asked Mr. Beazel of Sheet Metal what he has been doing lately and he said, "Nuttin'." Taking for granted he was only being evasive and desired to be coaxed, I pressed him further.

"Have you been fishing?"

"Nope."

"Have you been hunting?"

"Uh-huh. Wolfin'!" He's in a position for it, too, for he proudly informed me that Gable and Taylor have willed their tactics solely to him. Well!

NEW PORTUGUESE CLASS

The new Portuguese Class started off with a bang at the Tech School last Monday. Close to one hundred appeared, but Instructor Adriano Ponso was not ruffled one whit.

All Embry-Riddle students and employees are invited to attend this Class, which will meet every afternoon from 4:30 to 6:30 in the Army Recreation Room on the fourth floor of the Tech building.

Strange things happen, don't they? Mr. Bennett of the Purchasing department has been with the company over two years, and I was quite surprised to find that he started by taking a Sheet Metal course!

Libby Ruis, the little elevator girl who cheerfully greets us each morning, plans to march down the aisle to the tune of Lohengrin about June 9, I hear. One of my spies tells me that the bridegroom-to-be is a handsome young man named Curly. Congratulations from everyone, Libby, and I hope you'll be very happy.

As I sat on the bus one afternoon, from very near came a plaintive voice. "For eleven months I freely roamed the friendly halls of Tech and now I'm assigned to just one chair for my 8 hours a day!" That statement is literally true for it was made by Rosemary Younis, former messenger and elevator operator, who is now assigned to switchboard duty.

She is taking the place formerly held by Marion who has gone to Georgia. Carol has left the P.B.X. room, too. We wish to welcome Kitty back with us. She has been suffering from a broken ankle.

One day Betty Harrington stepped onto the elevator with an odd little expression on her face. I looked at her quizzically and as an explanation she laughingly told of

Continued on next page



Fire Marshals from six Embry-Riddle locations attending the War Department Special School in Miami receive a special demonstration of fire fighting equipment. On the left incendiary bombs are being extinguished. This course pertains to Civilian Defense and covers aerial bombardment, gas defense, incendiary bombs, and other fire defense requirements. These pictures were taken at the Fire House at 36th Street and 7th Avenue, when the following Fire Marshals were in attendance: Henry B. Graves, Safety Director; R. C. Pooley, Tech School; Charles Mack, Aircraft and Engine Division; A. O. Sutter, Chapman Field; M. A. Hollingsworth, Dorr Field; Tom Davis, Carlstrom Field; B. H. Buxton and Mr. Bolton, Riddle Field.

LATIN-AMERICANS ENTERTAIN AT DINNER



Graduating Inter-American Cadets honored John Paul Riddle Saturday evening with a dinner at Battista's Restaurant. Back row, left to right: Guillermo Colominas, Cuba; Ramon Prado, Cuba; William Rivas, Nicaragua; Ladislao Guerrero, Nicaragua; Gonzalo Garzon, Argentina; Belfor Araya, Chile; Aquilino Machado, Uruguay; Guillermo Silveira, Uruguay; and Jorge Robertson, Chile. Middle row, left to right: Aristides Ferrin, Uruguay; Sertorio Arruda, Brazil; William Tartacovsky, Chile; Adolfo Sasco, Uruguay; Enrique Arcaya, Chile; Eric R. Sundstrom, Inter-American Coordinator; Florentino Sequeiro, Cuba; Sergio Eberhard, Chile; and Reno Bono, Argentina. Seated are: Sam Bodden, Nicaragua; K. C. Smith, Superintendent of Technical Training; John Paul Riddle; Y. E. Bivings, Local CAA Inspector; and James E. Blakeley, Director of the Technical School.

LATIN-AMERICAN BANQUET HONORS EMBRY-RIDDLE OFFICIALS

On Saturday, May 15th, we the Latin-American Students of Instructor Mechanics met at Battista's Restaurant with officials of the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation and the C.A.A. for a banquet to commemorate the end of our course.

It was just one of those unforgettable nights which we shall place among the highlights on the front page of our memories of our stay in this Country.

As the jolly gang gathered together under the soft rays of the tropical moon to greet each other and crack a few jokes, we surmised that all was set for a pleasant time.

Soon things were set, and as we moved into our respectively assigned places, we could hear a Rhumba pealing through the air.

Our guests of honor for the night were: John Paul Riddle, James E. Blakeley, Director of the School, K. C. Smith, Superintendent of Technical Training, Eric Sundstrom, Inter-American Coordinator, and Y. E. Bivings, Inspector of the Civil Aeronautics Administration. It was this group of cheering personalities that made this occasion complete.

Shot!

But all was not quiet. Before long we found that we were with our backs against the wall and, believe it or not, Charlie Ebets took a couple shots at us. I do not think he hit anyone but he certainly frightened us, and that you can verify by the picture.

As we imagined, the food was excellent and in abundance: antipasto, minestrone, ravioli, spaghetti, with plenty of cheese, chicken, etc.—all this accompanied by a light wine which each guest drank while the group sang "Tomese esta copa, esta copa de vino . . ."

Making the event still more impressive was the announcement of the long expected results of the votes which had been cast a few days previously. From among the group of boys who had lived together for more than sixteen months those who should receive prizes for various qualities were revealed. The awards are greatly valued and esteemed.

Cheers

The first cheers were taken by the pleasant Sam Bodden (Nicaragua) as "the best friend." A truly merited designation as he carries the affection of all his friends. Following was "the most generous" taken by Aristides Ferrin (Uruguay), who is always willing to put himself out in order to be useful to his pals.

The announcer, Gonzalo Lopez-Garzon (Argentina), started blushing as he announced that he had been awarded the prize as "the nicest." The hearty cheers of the group soon convinced him that it was unanimous.

Gonzalo Fortun (Cuba) who unfortunately could not be present, but probably heard the cheers wherever he was, was named as "the best personality."

Sounding cheers rang out when Florentino Sequeiro (Cuba) was announced "the best student," voted almost unanimously and receiving a special felicitation from Mr. Riddle.

Cheers were renewed as Fortun was named again for having taken the prize of "the best character."

The same went to Gonzalo Lopez-Garzon who also took the prize of "the finest."

The next on the list was "the most intelligent" and who else could take that but Jorge Robertson (Chile), who had been

named throughout our course as "the wise Merlin."

Ramon Prado (Cuba) won unanimously the prize of "the best sportsman" and all who know him realize that he has it in his blood.

Guillermo Colominas (Cuba), always smiling and making his environment jolly with his cracks, was "the best humorist."

Ladislao Guerrero (Nicaragua) took away the prize as the best sleeper.

Next was "the tourist" prize and although Adolfo "Macfadden" Sasco (Uruguay), who was relieved when he found out that he was not named the best sleeper, was now much surprised.

All those who knew Domingo Capote and heard a few of his yarns may be interested to know that there was a prize for his "successor." This was taken by William Rivas (Nicaragua).

Last to receive a prize was Enrique Arcaya as "the assassin of Shakespeare's Language." He always says, "If I could only speak English" when he is up against it.

At this point Sam Bodden expressed the motive of our banquet for all of us. Then the very festival spirit was shifted to a moment of seriousness in order to listen to the voice of Mr. Riddle with the friendly and encouraging words which characterize him.

The same ringing applauses that followed Mr. Riddle's talk were heard after Mr. Blakeley, Mr. Smith, Mr. Bivings and our Coordinator, Eric, who referred to us as "his boys," spoke.

The atmosphere had been filled with tangoes, rhumbas and congas from the very beginning and everyone was becoming anxious to take advantage of the music.

The dancing brought the bright occasion to a close and as we said "so long" to each other we felt that we had spent a pleasant friendly evening together, the memory of which shall follow us on into the future.

TECH

Continued from preceding page

how the date of that particular day seemed to ring a little bell somewhere in her memory. Though she felt a little dubious, she dashed down to the Canteen, purchased a birthday card and mailed it to a certain young man. How did it turn out, Betty?

You know, there are a number of interesting ambitions that one may have; however, I just heard one that is the nicest ever. It is Mr. Newsome's desire to make this, the Sheet Metal department, "the best department in the best school in the best country in the world."

To bring literature into the picture, Miss Devery has been reading a very special kind of late, a Cook Book! Now, Miss Devery, what sort of plans could you be conceiving?

I guess that more or less concludes the "dirt" for this time. May I please be unchained now, Mrs. Burton?

COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Helen Dillard

This column could almost be entitled "Travels of the Colonnade Occupants." Henry Graves, Safety Director, is back from Safety meetings at Riddle, Carlstrom and Dorr Fields. Since he has been back he has been attending the War Department Civilian Protection School.

Glen Kuhl of the Insurance department is back from Union City, Tenn., where he attended a joint Insurance and Safety meeting. He reports that he found everything in excellent condition, with the increased safety facilities practically completed.

Kay Wiedman of Accounting will soon be leaving for the Fields to compare notes with the Accounting departments there.

We had been missing Gordon Bowen, Assistant Comptroller, and upon inquiry learned that he is on his vacation somewhere in New Jersey.

The Welcome committee is out again . . . this time to welcome Eleanor Newell, latest Link Instructor Trainee . . . L. P. Lyons, formerly of the Granada Shops now in special projects . . . Rosemond Jordon, former Radio Instructor at Tech, now in the Radio department and Evelyn Arnold of the Insurance department.

The PBX operators and our Colonnade messenger, Miriam Hoskins, are sporting

new spring outfits . . . they are very attractive blue and white uniforms.

Mr. Bradley of Transportation has become a walking florist . . . he sees to it that the girls here have a lovely gardenia every day . . . he tells us that he has fifty bushes . . . he must have to be able to keep us bedecked as he does.

Rae Lane, one of our lovely chaperettes, and Bob Foos, former Carlstrom Field Primary Flight Cadet . . . now in his advanced training at Mariana, Fla., are keeping the mail between here and there going in a steady stream. It is no new thing either; it all started way back when several of us went up to Carlstrom for the Cadet dance.

John Ross, who makes all of those very special cabinets for Instrument Overhaul, has become the extra-special beau to most of the female population here at the Colonnade . . . he is always ready to use his free time to perform any task which we might present to him . . . or to show us around his workshop and give us pointers on how he makes various things. Yours truly finds his workshop just about the most interesting part of the Colonnade.

Maxine Hurtt wants to know if anyone saw the magician who walked around the corner and turned into a drug store? That's right . . . "Max" has been acting a little strange lately.

BABY DEPARTMENT

by Harry LeRoy

Well, you wanted a story or something from the "baby" of the Embry-Riddle School, so here 'tis.

The whole gang here is mourning the loss of two favorite Instructors, Bob Hunt and Ella Ellis. Both have been transferred to the Coliseum where they will add their talents to the efficient personnel now laboring so ably and diligently to perform their various duties. (Did I say all that?)

But our loss is their gain, and we sure miss them. The rest of our Instructors have taken on additional duties and are really "putting out."

I have just been informed by our porter and gardener, Edward Armond, that our Victory Garden is doing wonderfully. It consists of one lone bleeding heart, complete with one bloom, and a few nondescript shrubs.

But after the addition of one ton of fertilizer and the use of a baby tractor I am sure we could at least grow one potato. At the price of spuds, that's not bad.

We of the Instructors School are a happy bunch. Like all other people we have to gripe some, but it is all in fun.

The only kick we have at the moment is that two certain ladies from the

Fly Paper office never stop here to look over our department. How about it, Wain and Vadah?



Harry LeRoy

BOND SALE RECORD

Military Engines boasts the sale of 1,100 Bonds, topping all other departments. If they can do it, so can you. Invest your dollars in security—security for yourself and for your country.

SABOTEUR

by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

There is a saboteur in our midst. He or she has started a rumor to the effect that salt tablets, which are made available in many locations for the use of employees, contain a devitalizing element.

If this rumor were not inspired by Hitler, he would at least feel comforted if he knew that it were in circulation and having effect.

The statement or inference is absolutely false, as these tablets are compressed from steam-sterilized granulated salt and contain no other ingredient.

Their use is strongly recommended, particularly during the summer months when the loss of salt in the system, through perspiration, lowers the resistance of the individual to the effects of exposure to heat and sun, with the resulting possibility of heat cramp and sun stroke.

Don't be fooled by ridiculous statements. Question the source of any information and run the rumors down. When perspiring freely, use salt tablets freely.

OVERHAUL CALCULATIN'

A & E ACCOUNTING, MIAMI

by Vannah Whitmer

The rain storm Thursday left us all breathless. Just as we observed that it sure was raining, we looked up to see the sun shining as hard as it could. Then as we got back to work, smiling to ourselves, the pounding of the rain resounded in our ears. We all had wet feet before the day was over.

Friday, yours truly shall leave for Camp Endicott to see her husband. It was interesting to know that I could go into the Camp, duly escorted, and enjoy the movies, the library, the writing room and all the other recreational rooms in the Camp. This is the Seabee Camp near Providence and from all I hear it is a bustling place.

Carrol Waggoner, a student of Embry-Riddle, after intensive study and stick-to-itiveness, is finishing up and we are wallowing in the reflected glory of our Radio Operator.

The office is reeking with gardenias, as I brought in fifteen to adorn all our lovelies. I have a friend who has a section in his nursery devoted to the cultivation of these beautiful flowers. Needless to say, I am so popular.

So long



by Pat Grant

It's in the wind, (oops, censored) I mean it's in the air again—Fly Paper Fans with fuel throttle, 30 degrees of flaps and "haul it off." We venture shyly that any resemblance of this morsel to a column (half dead or alive) is purely accidental and unintentional—Praise Allah.

We have, after a grave period of huddles, conferences, confusion and stuff, come upon the decision that since the (censored) (censored) and the (censored) (censored) again almost continually all week and consequently since *news* ain't, we-uns would don our very best Winchell "Snooper" and give you all a fish bowl view of some of our seaplane gang—comes now from my pen, and peace with wit'cha.

Ruth Norton—loves pansies, hates being called Mrs. Norton — Says, "That's my mother's name."

Marion Bertram—"Now look, Ruth, take that salt shaker away from Pat."

Rose Marie Aubert—our clearance officer and dispatcher—always has cool hand to soothe our ruffled schedule—ace juggler of three telephones—"Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base—yes—no—yes—you're welcome—please—And besides I'm allergic to cats."

Al McKesson—demon mechanic—and Simon Legree of the Ramp—seen clapping his hands and issuing forth discords of "Faster, faster."

Bill (oh you kid) Waters—"Ho Kay, bebes, for you anything—."

Glorida Van Riper—Number 1 Ramp girl—"I'm strictly in the propeller department today."

Pauline Powell—"Bring me a hamburger, all the way, and a coke"—It's a gastro-nomic phenomena.

Gus Snipes—"Are you going to dual him today or solo him?"

Joe Clark—Always wears a different head gear for his flights. "Now this (a knitted creation, resembling the well worn toe of a military sock) is my cross-wind cap. And this (that which hath the appearance of a half a baseball minus the stuffings) is my side-slip cap."

Could be that I should stop now, or it giffs Sabatooshing—comes more next week.

Back on the starting line, champing at the old bit, is our old friend and pal Phoenix Ingraham all bedecked in our floral welcome—just returned from a business trip to the land of skyscrapers and peanut vendors—is all set for a try at a Commercial.

To say nothing but hi ya keeds to our

newest birdmen-to-be and quite a list we 'ave for ya too. Jerry Williamson, Jaunita Williams, Josephine Chiovaroli, Louise John, Lorraine Moheny and Laurice Anderson—whose eyes all wander out to that newest part of our Win-the-War-Gang—our WAAFS.

And—Rex Gordon Branch, Clifton Pawley, Phil Gallogher, Eldon Jackson, John McClelland—a hearty welcome to this new bunch who joins our old gang of regulars.

But I see now that the ole ward-gauge is reading on the "empty" side, so I'll throttle back, full flaps and bounce her in for a full stop landing—see ya next week.

Note: Our flag (if we had one) is waving at half mast in tribute to the two old friends whose mysterious disappearance has baffled us all. Let us pause for an instant in loving memory of Stinkey and Tiger (whom I s'pect have gone the way of all alley cats).

SPORTSMEN

Continued from Page 23

RUSSELL HASTING—Well known in his home state of Ohio for his swimming prowess—uses the gruelling record breaking butterfly stroke and is always good for team points in diving—was the youngest (21 years old) head section boss with the Oil Purifier Co.—welterweight member of the boxing team.

PAUL EBERET—Hails from Gary, Ind., and is a friend of the Middleweight Champion of the World, Tony Zale—was electrical maintenance man at the Gary Steel Mills—plays football and basketball and a welterweight member of the boxing team.

CECIL WALKER—All around athlete and particularly fond of baseball and softball—has nerves of steel which his civilian job required as a rivet welder—worked on many skyscrapers and the Chicago subway and the Hudson River tunnel—desires to draw professionally and once missed the opportunity of working for Disney but lacked the required \$500 to attend the Disney Art School—some of his drawings of famous people have already earned him money—next week's issue of the Fly Paper will have a sample of his work in a drawing of his hero, General Douglas MacArthur—is a member of Class 13-43-AMC now over at Tech.



FIRST SOLO

A TRIBUTE

In recognition of the valiant work done by Civilian Instructors, the Embry-Riddle Company has placed the tribute below before 3,548,664 readers. Conspicuously displayed, the advertisement appears in leading magazines which go to all the Latin-American countries, to England, and to the armed forces all over the world. The importance of the unsung hero, the man primarily responsible for aircraft production, is appreciated by the Embry-Riddle Company and has been emphasized in a recent national advertising campaign.



CITATION FOR VALOR AND PATRIOTISM

Issued to

"THE UNKNOWN SOLDIERS OF 1943"

The Civilian Aircraft Technical Instructor

He is the man responsible for our aircraft production. It is his students, the graduates of his classes, that build and maintain the planes which are smashing the enemy on the war fronts of the world. His is an important job — a tremendous job: training the hundreds of thousands of additional aircraft workers, mechanics, and specialists needed to "KEEP 'EM FLYING." You won't find his name on honor rolls or mentioned in dispatches — but he's a hero, nevertheless, because he's doing a vital job well and efficiently. He and the thousands like him are the unknown soldiers of this war.

"Keep 'em Flying"



SCHOOL OF AVIATION

3240 N. W. 27th AVENUE • MIAMI, FLORIDA

Students Grateful for Training

You can tell all the boys to try to learn as much as they possibly can, for when they get away from the States they don't have time to stop and leaf through a book to find out how to fix a ship. Tell them you don't have all the fine tools and lights with which to do the work. You just have to make out with what little you do have and keep them flying as best you can.

I find that what I have in my head is by far the best, not what I have in a book. Although books are good to have, they cannot help in the middle of a jungle.

All of our boys are doing fine here. Wish we could have stayed with you longer in School. We see our bad points now.

Yours,

Charles N. Adkins

Editor's Note: The above is a letter received from Pvt. Charles Adkins, who was graduated with Class 5-43-AMC, to H. C. Robertson of the Military Aircraft department.

We go to work at 7:30 every morning and have to punch a time card again when we quit at 4:00 p.m. The work here is just like working for the airlines only in civilian life instead of army life. We are classed as Junior Mechanics and work under a Senior Mechanic with no one else to answer to except the man who gives us our time cards in the morning.

We are now working on all types of Army Cargo ships and every one of them fly. So you see we are getting the experience we really need and have quite a lot of responsibility on our hands as we are held responsible for all the work we do on the ship. We are classed as engine mechanics and all we do is work on engines and nothing else.

I have learned quite a lot of things since I have come here, and most of the teaching I received at Embry-Riddle has sure come in handy. I was quite surprised when most of the things I was taught at Embry-Riddle came back to me when I thought I had forgotten all about them.

Editor's Note: The above is an excerpt from a letter to Joe Murray, Chief of the Aircraft department, from Pfc. Wilbert W. Webb, a graduate of 4-43-AMC who is now stationed in New York.

SEC. 562, P. L. & R.



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